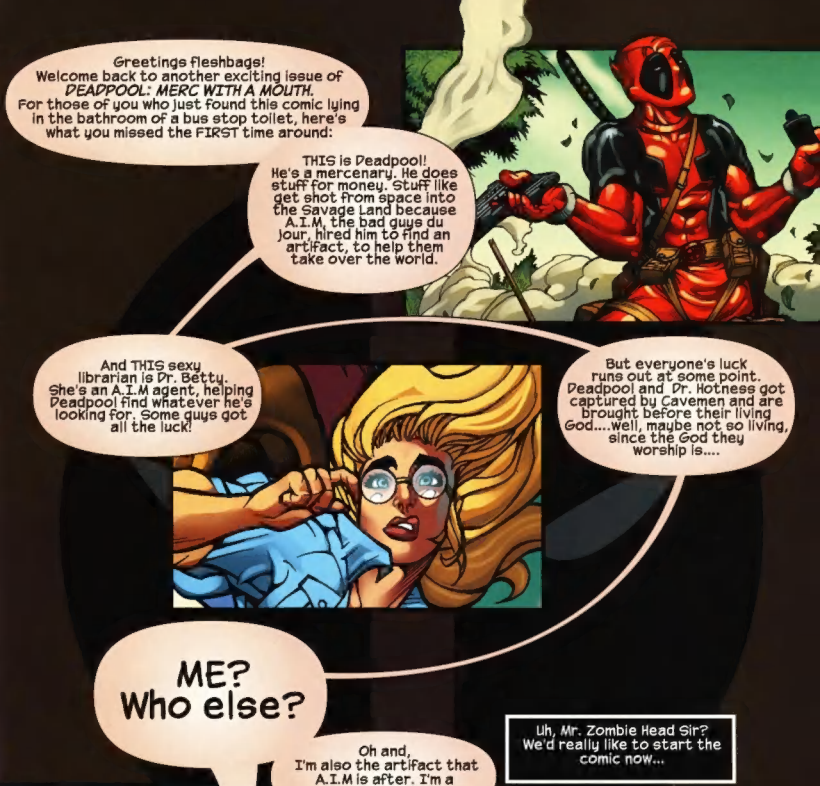
Greetings fleshbags!
Welcome back to another exciting issue of DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH.
For those of you who just found this comic lying in the bathroom of a bus stop toilet, here's what you missed the FIRST time around:
THIS is Deadpool! He's a mercenary. He does stuff for money. Stuff like get shot from space into the Savage Land because A.I.M. the bad guys du jour, hired him to find an artifact, to help them take over the world.
And THIS sexy librarian is Dr. Betty. She's an A.I.M agent, helping Deadpool find whatever he's looking for. Some guys got all the luck!
But everyone's luck runs out at some point. Deadpool and Dr. Hotness got captured by Cavemen and are brought before their living God....Well, maybe not so living, since the God they worship is....
ME? Who else?
Oh and, I'm also the artifact that A.I.M is after. I'm a popular guy!
Uh, Mr. Zombie Head Sir? We'd really like to start the comic now...
All right, all right. Keep your knickers on...MAN, someone's always trying to keep a talking zombie down...

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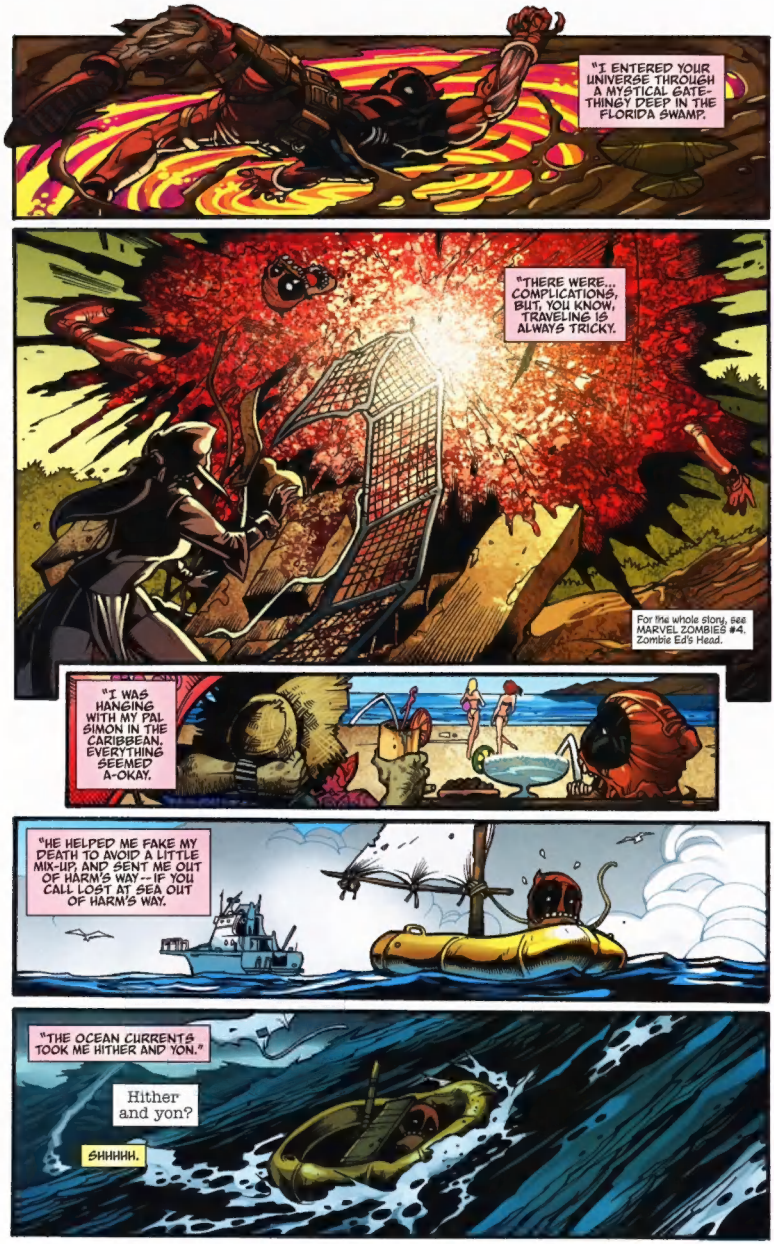
WOW. WHO'D A THOUGHT I'D COME ALL THE WAY TO THE SAVAGE LAND TO MEET... MYSELF!
HE THINKS HE'S SURPRISED?
LISTEN, LOVE WHAT YOU'VE DONE WITH THE CAVE AND REALLY LOOKING FORWARD TO THE LAVA JACUZZI, BUT WHAT THE STEAMING CRAP IS GOING ON HERE!?
FOR. GOD'S. SAKE. DO. SOMETHING.
ALL PART OF THE PLAN, MILADY. THE SITUATION IS WELL IN HAND.
OH, RIGHT.
No, no. It's cool. She's buying it.
WHAT'S HAPPENING, MY FULL-BODIED PAL -- AND IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE BEEN KEEPING IN SHAPE, I APPRECIATE THAT -- IS THAT I WAS CONTENT TO RULE MY MINIONS HERE AS THE HEAD MAN.
BUT NOW I'M THINKING... WELL...

...HOW GREAT MY NOGGIN WOULD LOOK ON YOUR SHOULDERS!
MY BOY GROG HERE WILL PERFORM THE DELICATE SURGERY.

A DOUBLE LAVA DIP IS A BAD START TO A NEW BODY, HEAD.
I JUST WANT TO FOCUS YOUR ATTENTION. BESIDES, I HATE TO HAVE A PERFECTLY GOOD POOL OF LAVA HERE IN THE THRONE ROOM AND NOT EMPLOY IT TO ITS MOST DRAMATIC EFFECT.
That's a fair point.
OH, SHUT UP.
AT LEAST TELL ME WHY MY OWN CORPSE-LIKE HEAD IS IN THE SAVAGE LAND AND ABOUT TO STEAL MY BODY.
HMMMMM. WHAT WOULD A JAMES BOND VILLAIN DO...?
YES, I'LL TELL YOU THE STORY BEFORE GETTING ON WITH IT.
"I COME FROM A PARALLEL UNIVERSE WHERE A ZOMBIE VIRUS HAS RAVAGED OUR WORLD.


"I ENTERED YOUR UNIVERSE THROUGH A MYSTICAL GATE-THINGY DEEP IN THE FLORIDA SWAMP.
"THERE WERE... COMPLICATIONS, BUT, YOU KNOW, TRAVELING IS ALWAYS TRICKY.
For the whole story, see MARVEL ZOMBIES #4. Zombie Ed's Head.
"I WAS HANGING WITH MY PAL SIMON IN THE CARIBBEAN. EVERYTHING SEEMED A-OKAY.
"HE HELPED ME FAKE MY DEATH TO AVOID A LITTLE MIX-UP, AND SENT ME OUT OF HARM'S WAY-- IF YOU CALL LOST AT SEA OUT OF HARM'S WAY.
"THE OCEAN CURRENTS TOOK ME HITHER AND YON."
Hither and yon?
SHHHHH.

"I WAS FINALLY SWEPT ALONG INTO AN UNDERGROUND RIVER THAT FLOWS INTO THIS VERY CAVE."
THIS CAVERN IS A HOLY PLACE TO THE HEADHUNTERS. SO YOU CAN IMAGINE WHEN I WAS DELIVERED UNTO THEM, THEY WERE PRETTY EAGER TO SET ME UP AS GRAND POOBAH.
Worst. Summary. Ever.
I'M FORCED TO AGREE.
I DEMAND TO KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO WITH US.
DR. BETTY, PLEASE. I'M A PROFESSIONAL. LET ME HANDLE THIS.
I DEMAND TO KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO WITH US.
NOW IT'S TIME TO MAKE ROOM FOR ME. GROG, OUR BOY HERE NEEDS A NICE, CLOSE SHAVE. LET'S SAY DOWN TO THE SHOULDERS.
WAIT FOR IT. GOT TO TIME THIS JUST RIGHT. AND...

...NOW!
SHRIK
Ow.
OH. DEAR. GOD.
GET HIM, YOU IDIOTS. NO, DON'T LET HIM PICK UP THE ARM. HE'S GOING TO-- DAMN.
SUCK ON THAT, ALLEY-OOP.
WHAP
EVERY-BODY INTO THE POOL!
WHUMP

SPLAT
BOOYA! LET'S SEE SPIDER-MAN DO THAT!
COME TO PAPA.
Ah, shooting. Yes, that's easier.
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

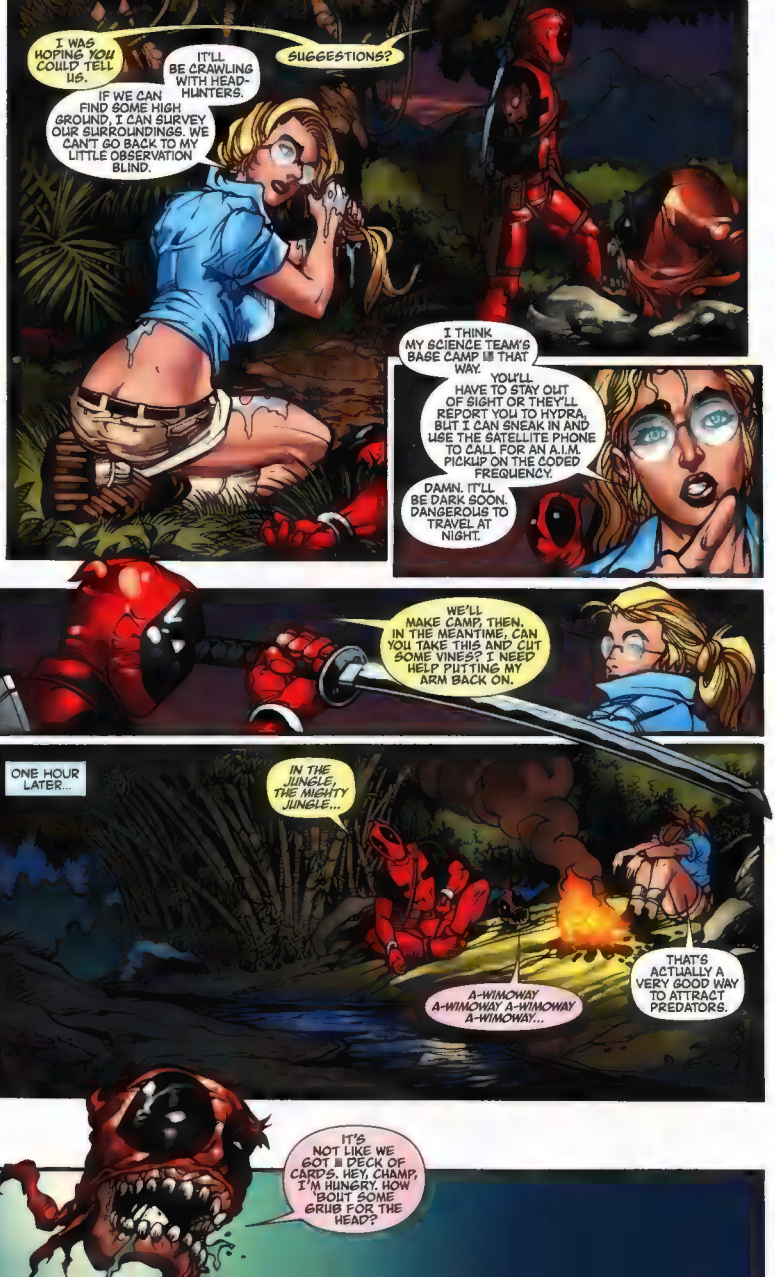
CRUNCH
HEY! I WAS SHOOTING PEOPLE WITH THAT.
Uh-oh.
THUK!

I THINK YOU HAVE SOME 'SPLAINING TO DO, LUCY.
I... UH... WELL... UH...
I SEE THAT MY PLAN HAS WORKED PERFECTLY.
NOW THAT YOU'VE DISPOSED OF THOSE GUYS, YOU CAN TAKE ME OUT OF HERE. GOOD JOB.
BUDDY.
GIVE ME A BREAK.
Oh, he sooooo needs to be tossed into the lava.
I CAN'T BELIEVE HOW MUCH I'VE BEEN AGREEING WITH YOU LATELY.

DON'T BE RASH! WE CAN TALK ABOUT THIS!
WAIT. DON'T!
IT'S THE SAVAGE LAND, DR. BETTY. I'M SURE WE CAN FIND BETTER SOUVENIRS.
THE HEAD ■ THE WHOLE REASON A.I.M. SENT YOU ON THIS MISSION.
MY TEAM CAME TO THE SAVAGE LAND TO SEE IF THERE WERE UNDISCOVERED NATURAL TOXINS THAT MIGHT BE CONVERTED INTO BIO-WEAPONS.
WHEN MY COLLEAGUES DISCOVERED THE HEAD CONTAINING THE ZOMBIE VIRUS, THEY KNEW THEY HAD A WINNER.
SEE? I'M SPECIAL.
OKAY, FINE, WE WON'T THROW HIM IN THE LAVA. BUT JUST BECAUSE HE'S MY ALTERNAVERSE ME-HEAD, DOESN'T MEAN WE'RE GOING TO ■ BEST PALS.
WELL, WE DON'T HAVE A GOOD CHANCE GETTING PAST THE WHOLE TRIBE. HEAD, YOU SAID SOMETHING ABOUT AN UNDERGROUND RIVER?
DEEPER INTO THE CAVE. IT'S NOT FAR.

I'M TOLD THIS EMPTIES INTO THE JUNGLE SOMEWHERE DOWN THE LINE.
HEY!
PIPE DOWN AND STAY PUT.
HANG ONTO THAT LIMB FOR ME, WILL YOU, DR. BETTY?
WHY? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO—
WE DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW FAR IT IS.
Quit your worrying, Mother Hen. I can see light ahead.

KOFF KOFF
I DON'T THINK SHE'S BREATHING.
WAY AHEAD OF YOU, HEAD.
KISS OF LIFE, STUD.
HEY! I DON'T THINK YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO USE TONGUE, CHAMP.
WHY THE HELL WOULD YOU IMAGINE ME HERE?
GAG KOFF KOFF KOFF
W-WHERE *ARE* WE?


I WAS HOPING YOU COULD TELL US.
IT'LL BE CRAWLING WITH HEAD-HUNTERS.
SUGGESTIONS?
IF WE CAN FIND SOME HIGH GROUND, I CAN SURVEY OUR SURROUNDINGS. WE CAN'T GO BACK TO MY LITTLE OBSERVATION BLIND.
I THINK MY SCIENCE TEAM'S BASE CAMP IS THAT WAY.
YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY OUT OF SIGHT OR THEY'LL REPORT YOU TO HYDRA, BUT I CAN SNEAK IN AND USE THE SATELLITE PHONE TO CALL FOR AN A.I.M. PICKUP ON THE CODED FREQUENCY.
DAMN. IT'LL BE DARK SOON. DANGEROUS TO TRAVEL AT NIGHT.
WE'LL MAKE CAMP, THEN. IN THE MEANTIME, CAN YOU TAKE THIS AND CUT SOME VINES? I NEED HELP PUTTING MY ARM BACK ON.
ONE HOUR LATER...
IN THE JUNGLE, THE MIGHTY JUNGLE...
A-WIMOWAY A-WIMOWAY A-WIMOWAY A-WIMOWAY...
THAT'S ACTUALLY A VERY GOOD WAY TO ATTRACT PREDATORS.
IT'S NOT LIKE WE GOT A DECK OF CARDS. HEY, CHAMP, I'M HUNGRY. HOW 'BOUT SOME GRUB FOR THE HEAD?

EAT? WHERE WOULD IT GO?
HEY, I'M A ZOMBIE. I LIKE TO CHEW ON THINGS.
I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU COULD SPARE SOME BRAINS. HEH-HEH. NO, I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU CAN.
WHAT ABOUT THIS? APPETIZING?
YEAH, I'LL GIVE IT A TRY.
CRUNCH CRUNCH
JUICY.
UGH. MY LIFE HAS BEEN NON-STOP GROSS SINCE I'VE MET YOU TWO. CAN WE PLEASE JUST GET SOME SLEEP?
GUYS, I DON'T REALLY SLEEP. GUYS? GUYS?

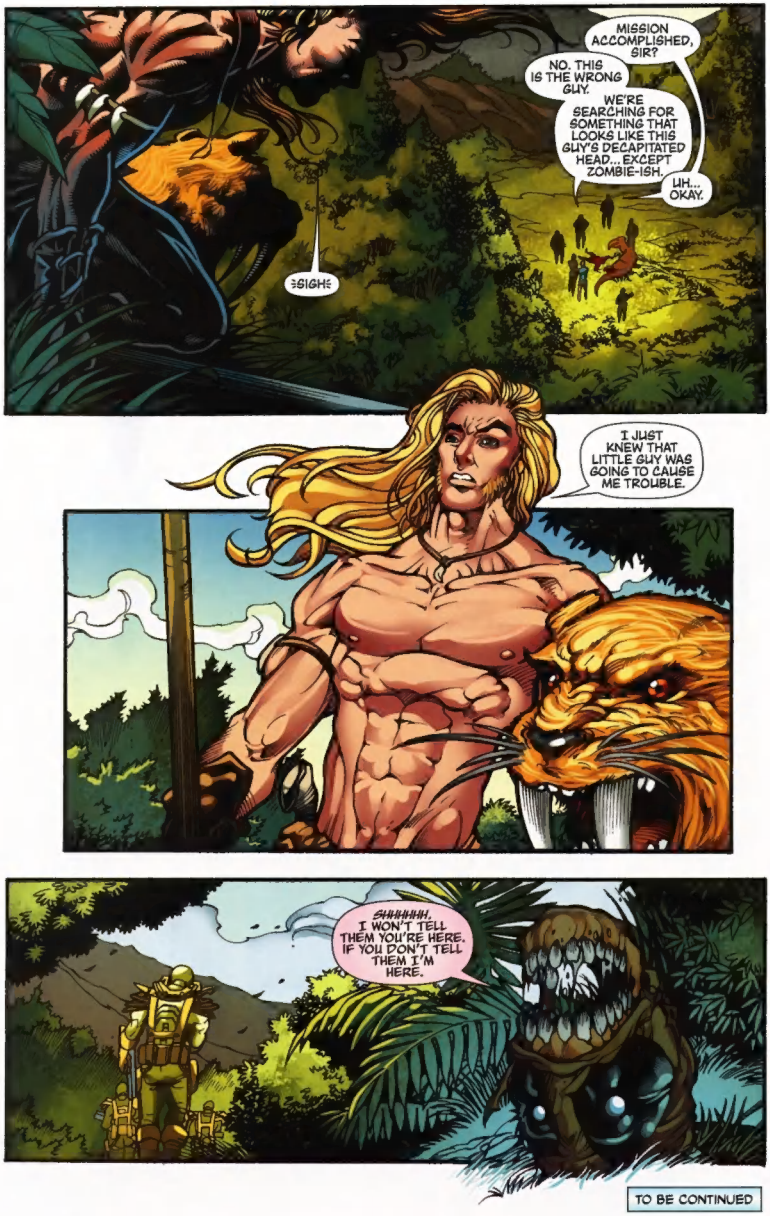
THE NEXT MORNING...
LET'S GET MOVING, DR. BETTY, YOU LEAD THE WAY.
WE CAN MAKE IT IN HALF A DAY'S STEADY HIKE IF WE DON'T RUN INTO ANY TROUBLE.
GET DOWN!
WHAT'S WRONG?
"WE RAN INTO SOME TROUBLE".

HOW ABOUT NOW?
I DON'T SEE HIM. HE MUST'VE FINISHED LUNCH AND MOVED ON.
LOOKS LIKE THE COAST IS CLEAR.
WE STILL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL. WHEN THE BIG PREDATORS FINISH, THERE ARE USUALLY LITTLE ONES AROUND FOR THE LEFTOVERS.
WELL, I DON'T SEE ANY--
OH, HELL.
YEEOOOWWW
I HAVE DECIDED I DO NOT LIKE THE SAVAGE LAND.
It doesn't seem too crazy about us either.

OH, GOD, I'M GOING TO DIE.
I'LL SAVE YOU, DR. BETTY!
RWOOOWWWWR
WHOA WHOA WHOA!
ACK!
RIDE 'EM, COWBOY!

GAAAK!
SLAM
ARE YOU OKAY?
ƎMOANƎ
ARE YOU INJURED, MY HONEY-BUTTERED LOVE BISCUIT?
WHUUUUUU...?
I ASKED IF YOU WERE DEAD.
NO. I'M GOOD.
THAT'S A RELIEF. I'D HATE TO THINK WE CAME ALL THIS WAY...

THANK GOD YOU'RE HERE. HE'S A KIDNAPPER!
POOP.
NICE TRY, MY DEAR. WHAT A CLEVER LITTLE A.I.M. OPERATIVE YOU ARE. EVERYONE JUST CALM DOWN OR WE'LL HAVE TO DO—
THIS!
BZZZZZTT!


MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, SIR?
NO. THIS IS THE WRONG GUY.
WE'RE SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING THAT LOOKS LIKE THIS GUY'S DECAPITATED HEAD... EXCEPT ZOMBIE-ISH.
UH... OKAY.
=SIGH=
I JUST KNEW THAT LITTLE GUY WAS GOING TO CAUSE ME TROUBLE.
SHHHHH. I WON'T TELL THEM YOU'RE HERE. IF YOU DON'T TELL THEM I'M HERE.
TO BE CONTINUED